"After having been here for some time, and having talked to many of the native ladies—and was thus able to look beyond the gorgeous coloring and the dazzling brilliancy of the jewels they were—I soon realized that 'all that glitters is not gold.' The majority of these women from the Zenanas were sad, frail, and delicate-looking — physically and mentally stunted—the natural result of their enslavement and want of freedom.

'In their guarded Harem prison
Where they smother under veils,
And the echoes of the world are walled away.

Though the sun has not yet risen
Yet the ancient darkness pales
And the sleepers in their slumbers dream of day.

Ah! that dream shall grow in splendor
Till each sleeper wakes and stirs,
Till she breaks from old tradition and is—free!' "

A BIT OF SCANDAL

A CURIOUS footnote to history is provided in the recent bestowal of knighthood upon the English poet, William Watson. Watson is a fine poet, but he wrote some years ago "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue," an ungallant and nasty attack upon the wife of Mr. Asquith. Watson is knighted at the suggestion of Lloyd-George, who is said to have intrigued to depose Asquith from the premiership. Asquith stepped down gracefully to make way for the elevation of his subordinate, and he has been loyal in support of the government ever since. He is still the chief of the Liberals and at his word Lloyd-George could be unmade any day.

The honor to Watson, in this aspect of the case, would appear, if unexplained otherwise, a wanton insult and outrage against a noble-souled and distinguished servant of the empire. One can hardly believe Lloyd-George, or any other man fit to lead the British empire either in peace or war, guilty of such conduct to a former chief and friend. It were bad enough if Watson had attacked Asquith himself, but he attacked Mrs. Asquith, formerly Margot Tennant, of "the Souls" and reputed heroine of the novel "Dodo."

As a poet Watson deserves high honor. He were a fitter laureate than the correct, classical and ultra-prosodic Robert Bridges, but his scarification of a woman was unpardonable, save upon the theory that he wrote the poem at a time when he was suffering from one of those lapses from mental normality which once were unhappily frequent. Probably the Asquiths have forgiven him, but if they haven't, Lloyd-George's honors to him are a revelation of a streak of meanness in a great personality for a duplication of which we must turn to Napoleon's bequest in his will for the man who tried to assassinate Wellington.

There must be some exculpation for Mr. Lloyd-George's action. British fair play would hardly tolerate such a thing otherwise.—Reedy's Mirror.

THE GREATER SEA

MY soul and I went to the great sea to bathe. And when we reached the shore, we went about looking for a hidden and lonely place.

But as we walked we saw a man sitting on a grey rock and taking pinches of salt from a bag and throwing them into the sea.

"This is the pessimist," said my soul. "Let us leave this place. We cannot bathe here."

We walked on until we reached an inlet. There we saw, standing on a white rock, a man holding a bejewelled box, from which he took sugar and threw it into the sea.

"And this is the optimist," said my soul. "And he must not see our naked bodies."

Further on we walked. And on a beach we saw a man picking up dead fish and tenderly putting them back into the water.

"And we cannot bathe before him," my soul. "He is the humane philanthropist."

And we passed on.

Then we came where we saw a man tracing his shadow on the sand. Great waves came and erased it. But he went on, tracing it again and again.

"He is the mystic," said my soul. "Let us leave him."

And we walked on, till in a quiet cove we saw a man scooping up the foam and putting it into an alabastar bowl.

"He is the idealist," said my soul. "Surely he must not see our nudity."

And on we walked. Suddenly we heard a voice crying, "This is the sea. This is the deep sea. This is the vast and mighty sea.

And when we reached the voice it was a man whose back was turned to the sea, and at his ear he held a shell, listening to its murmur.

And my soul said, "Let us pass on. He is the realist, who turns his back on the whole he cannot grasp, and busies himself with a fragment."

So we passed on. And in a weedy place among the rocks was a man with his head buried in the sand. And I said to my soul, "We can bathe here, for he cannot see us."

"Nay," said my soul, 'for he is the most deadly of them all. He is the Puritan."

Then a great sadness came over the face of my soul, and into her voice.

"Let us go hence," she said, "for there is no lonely, hidden place where we can bathe. I would not have this wind lift my golden hair, or bare my white bosom in this air, or let this light disclose my sacred nakedness."

Then we left that sea to seek the Greater Sea.—Kahill Gibran in "The Seven Arts."

POETIC JUSTICE

The Devil sends the wicked wind
To raise the skirts knee high
But Heav'n is just
And sends the dust
To close the bad man's eye.

—Pitt Panther.